Vol. I. *No. 12.*

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, January 31, 1801.

The Girl of the Mountains.

BY MRS. PARSONS,

AUTHOR OF WOMEN AS THEY ARE, *&c.*

THE sun had slowly descended behind the mountain tops; its bright tints were yet glowing in the horizon; the birds were retiring to their leafy habitations, and a calm tranquillity seemed diffused over the face of nature, undisturbed but by the tinckling of the shepherd's bell, and the faint sound of distant waters.

The solemn stillness, and approaching night, invited the melancholy inmate of a lowly cottage, encompassed by high and sheltered trees, and seated at the foot of a lofty mountain, to take his accustomed evening's walk. 'Twas now the hour for meditation; here he could ruminate upon past afflictions; indulge despair, and chide the lingering hand of death, so distant to his wishes.

Lost in painful retrospections, he wandered round the mountain, heedless of the close of day, till he could no longer discern the path before him. Starting from his reverie, he beheld "darkness visible." A few silvery stars bespangled the sky, which were sometimes enveloped by heavy clouds, protentious of a rising storm. He endeavoured to retrace his former steps, but he had wandered from the beaten path, and the faint twinkling of the stars, that now and then emerged from behind the clouds, rather confused, than guided him on his way. Weary and spiritless, he could have seated himself on the side of the mountain, fearless of danger, had not the idea of his loved ADELAIDE started to his mind, wretched and distressed at the unusal absence of her father. "*My child!*" exclaimed he, quickening his pace, "*My child will be distracted!*" But in vain he sought to hasten to his humble dwelling; the dark clouds now rolled heavily over his head, and entirely obscured the sparkling suns of other worlds: not a single object could be distinguished to direct his steps: cheerless, and uncertain of his road, he wandered on, calling on his ADELAIDE, and blaming his own thoughtless inattention.

Mr. DUPONT, the name of this benighted man, had been that day more than commonly gloomy and dejected; it was the birth-day of a dear and regretted wife, it had recalled scenes to his remembrance, that struck horror to his mind, and when evening appeared he gladly stole from his beloved daughter, to indulge in melancholy reflections alone, that she might escape the contagion of sorrows. It was this oppressive sorrow that had so absorbed all thoughts of time and distance, that darkness stole on him unperceived, and he scarcely recollected the direction he had taken.

He walked on, he knew not whither, till at length he thought a glimmering light seemed now and then to appear on his left hand; he stopped for a moment and as the trees, now thinly cloathed with age, were bent here and there by the sudden gusts of wind, he distandly perceived a faint light, more like a star, than proceeding from any habitation; yet it gave a ray of hope to his mind, and he cautiously directed his steps towards it. As he advanced, he struck himself several times against the trees, and was convinced that he was entering on some part of the wood, which lay at a good distance from the spot he resided in, and terminated at the foot of a high mountain. Still he beheld the star-like appearance, but it was so faint, and so often seemed to vary, that he began to fear it was an ignis fatuus to mislead him, without reflecting, that creeping in the dark, it was his own wandering that changed the appearance of the luminary. At length he saw it more plainly, and gained upon it; sensible of this, he proceeded with fresh alacrity, till he found himself close to some building, but of what kind, he could not distinguish, though a stream of light issued from a window above. He groped and found a door; for a moment he stood suspended; it might be the retreat of a gang of banditti; he listened, he heard the sound of a voice as if reading; afraid even to breathe, he crept by the wall, directly under the window, and then it seemed as if the person was in prayer.

The storm which had long been gathering, now burst forth with violence, a heavy rain; and the wind whistling hollow thro' the trees, convinced him that he had no time lose in seeking some shelter from the inclemency of the weather. Once more he returned to the door, and with a palpitating heart, knocked gently twice.

Presently a voice demanded "Who was there?"—"A friend, and a benighted wanderer," said he. The door was immediately unbolted, and a man dressed like a monk, with a long beard, stood before him, with a lamp in his hand. "Enter son and welcome," said he, "seldom has a stranger crossed this threshold. He said no more, but led the way up a few steps into a room, from whence DUPONT had seen the light through a very small casement. The monk very courteously gave him his own stool, and drew a small form for himself. He stirred up the fire, and offered his guest a glass of liquor.

DUPONT, who had given a cursory look on all around him with surprise very readily accepted the offer, for his spirits and strength were nearly exhausted. When he had taken the cordial, they seemed to view each other with much curiosity. "I thank you father for this kindness, but if you can direct me the nearest way to the south side of this chain of mountains, which lay towards the sea, I will encounter the severity of the weather, rather than leave my poor child a prey to the most frightful apprehensions."

"You have a child then; and you live on the other side of these mountains? Is there any village or hamlet near these frightful hills?"

"Not very near," replied DUPONT, "I dwell in a small hut very inferior to your's, but more pleasantly situated; there appears to be a similarity in our fortune, for I do not suppose you were born to live in these mountains, though the order you profess naturally leads to retirement: yet a monastry must surely be preferable to this remote unsocial place."

"I believe so," returned the monk, "and therefore 'tis that I have fixed my residence *here*. I am professedly of no order; I wear this habit to secure me from the depredations or ill-treatment of banditti,

which sometimes infest these hills. For some years I have lived a life of solitude; at first a life of necessity, but now the object of my choice. I fled to it as a refuge from the cold compassion, the ingratitude of friends, whom I have obliged, at the expence of my fortune, from the pressure of wants, and from the contempt of the world."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Dupont, "then I am not a singular instance, nor a solitary sufferer, to the baseness and falsehood of mankind!—but at present I have no time for conversation, though I feel much interested from the hints you have given of your situation. I am eager to return to my child; every moment of delay is misery, therefore, good sir, give me some clue to direct my steps through the wood, this dark night."

"I am greatly concerned," answered the monk, "that I cannot afford you the satisfaction you wish for; I am really unacquainted with the paths of the wood, on the other side of the mountain; to attempt your way now will be very dangerous; you may be entangled in the trees, or wander still farther from your home."

Dupont, with evident impatience, exclaimed, "whatever is the consequence, I must endeavour to retrace my way home, my Adelaide will be distracted."

"Indeed," said the monk, interrupting him, "the attempt may be fruitless, and certainly attended with difficulty and danger. It is useless, *therefore*, to rack your breast with picturing to your eye the distress of your child, which a few short hours will entirely remove."

[*It was with much difficulty the Monk prevailed upon Dupont to stay, and in the mean time, beguiled the tedious hours by a relation of his own story.*]

At length the grey-eyed morn appeared, and Dupont taking a hasty leave, once more entered the wood, through which he had passed to the monk's retreat; but he had explored his way in the dark, and from the agitation of his mind at that time, could not recollect the direction he had taken; he thought it most prudent, therefore, to keep round the foot of the mountains, which he did for some time, but the road was quite strange to him, and after walking above an hour, he was as much at a loss to know if he was right in the direction, as when he quitted the monk.

It occured to him to ascend one of the hills, and look round the country; he was on the point of this fatiguing enterprize, when he thought the sound of distant voices broke upon his ear: he listened, and was convinced that he could not be mistaken; the hope of meeting persons, who might give him information of the road, arrested his steps, and he waited for their coming up. The sounds still continued, though they varied; sometimes more distinct, then dying away, yet seemed not to approach nearer. At first he thought the turning of the road affected the vibration of the voices, but after waiting a considerable time, he was convinced the persons who spoke were stationary, though he could not judge exactly of their situation.

Mortified that he had lost time and could see no one, instead of ascending the hill, he proceeded on, in the hope of meeting some cottage where those persons were: he turned round a projecting part of the mountain that extended into the wood, and then heard more distinctly, and almost close to him.

Greatly surprised, he stopt and looked round on all sides; not the least vestige of an habitation was to be seen; when examining more narrowly, he saw a large cavity in the side of the mountain above him, and drawing nearer to the foot of it, was presently assured that the voices descended from thence.

At first mingled emotions of curiosity and hope, suggested the idea of scrambling up the craggy sides and presenting himself at this opening; but prudence quickly whispered, that it was more than probable a set of banditti were concealed in a place, where there could be no inducements to reside but guilt, or fear of discovery.

This thought had scarcely passed in his mind, and impelled his steps forward, before he saw a man coming from the opening, he shrunk down and crept into the wood, fortunately undiscovered; the thickness and height of the underwood prevented him from being seen, though as he could discern what passed, he naturally trembled for his own safety.

Three men habited as peasants, came out at this cavity; he saw them turn to the left, ascend the mountains for some time, till he suddenly lost sight of them. He remained greatly agitated in his concealment, being perfectly convinced they must be robbers only, who would retire into the recesses of a mountain in a group. Under this conviction, however great as his impatience to see his loved Adelaide, and dispel her fears for his safety, he thought it most prudent to remain some minutes where he was.

Presently the men appeared returning; they stopt on the brow of the hill, looking round on all sides, and by their motions he concluded that they had discovered him; he knew not whether to to lay still, or attempt to escape; in the latter there was evident danger, for they were doubtless acquainted with all the intricacies of the wood, and if they did see him, an attempt to fly would give them a suspicion.

He saw them descend the mountain with breathless terror; it was the thought of the moment to counterfeit sleep. He was not mistaken, from the height of the mountain they saw every thing beneath, however sheltered in the wood; they came up to him.

"He sleeps," says one of them; "some traveller who has lost his way among the hills, and is weary and oppressed."

"What shall we do with him; said another.

"See if he has any money, and let him go," replied the other.

"He does not sleep," cried the third, who had been looking attentively at him; see how his heart beats, and how irregular his breath.—Come friend, added he, rudely dragging his arm, "Do not attempt to impose upon us; speak, who are you?"

Dupont strove to preserve appearance, and wake as if in a great fright. He was again questioned, and recollecting in an instant, that their was a village some miles off, he hastily replied. "He came from that village, and had lost his way."

"To what place were you a going?" said another.

This was a question he was totally unprepared to answer; his hesitation and confusion alarmed them immediately.

"Oh, oh, my friend, we have caught you; you are not perfect in your story, it seems; you are, no doubt a spy, and we shall treat you accordingly."

It was in vain he protested his innocence; they forced him before them into the thickest of the wood, and then he saw one take a pistol from his pocket; the moment was too critical to be lost; I am the most unfortunate of men; I have resided with an only child some years, on the side of these mountains next the sea, in an humble cottage to avoid the wickedness and persecution of powerful and implacable enemies. Last night I took a solitary walk, and lost my way in the dark; I have been wandering to recover my road, terrified for the situation of my child; and if you are men of humanity, pity an unhappy oppressed man, who has neither power nor inclination to injure a single individual, and who implores you to direct his steps towards his solitary cottage, by saying which way I must take towards the sea."

There is something irresistible in truth and an artless tale generally finds its way to the heart: these men, the moment before bent on his destruction, now threw on him an eye of pity. One of them turning to the others, "This story seems plausible; if he is unfortunate and poor, we have no enmity against him; but it behoves us to be cautious; give me the pistol, I will accompany him, and meet you at the appointed place on my return.

Poor Dupont, preserved in the very moment of destruction, expressed his gratitude in such terms as scarcely left a doubt upon their minds of his sincerity; yet still they felt some uneasy apprehensions, that their retreat was discovered; one of the

immediately suggested the exaction of an oath, that he never would mention their persons or abode to any one living. He scrupled not to comply with their requisition, in the most solemn and unequivocal terms, and then following his conductor, they left the other two to return where they pleased.

During their walk, the stranger asked him many questions, relative to his retirement, and of passing his time; but he was not impertinently inquisitive into his concerns.

Dupont found him sensible and rational, infinitely exceeding what might be expected from his apparent employment and associates; and several times he heard and viewed him with surprise, not unmixed with concern, that a man of his understanding should be engaged in lawless depredations on the highway; for such he had no doubt was his occupation.

They now advanced to the side of that mountain where the cottage stood, which contained all the treasures of the unfortunate Dupont; he observed to his companion, that in a few minutes he should see his dwelling: the other either did not, or would not understand the hint, but proceeded with him. They had gone but a few paces farther, before Dupont sprung forward, and in the same moment the stranger saw a lovely young creature, apparently about seventeen, in a coarse brown jacket, without hat or cap; a profusion of light brown hair, reaching at least a foot below her waist, flying through the road, threw herself into the arms of her father, and immediately fainted.

That tender father was little less agitated, but he preserved his senses, and assisted by his companion, soon restored his Adelaide to life and recollection.

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed she, "my beloved father, my only friend is safe. Ah! what have I not suffered this last night, from terror and incertitude."

"I have shared in your inquietude, my dearest Adelaide," returned Dupont, straining her to his bosom: "I have been to blame: we are once more united; never will I be a truant again."

He then turned to the stranger,—"You see sir, I have not deceived you; will you walk on to the cottage?"

The man started; his eyes were rivetted on the enchanting Adelaide, whose beauty and graces no mean garb could hide, tho' it might a little diminish the blaze of her charms. She was indeed another Hebe; youth, innocence and beauty, with an expression in her eyes, that gave an additional glow to the bloom on her cheeks. Turning to Dupont, on his cool delivered invitation, which he had not power to refuse,—"Yes, I will accompany you," said he, and walked on, disregarded by Adelaide, whose sole attention was fixed on her delighted father.

When they arrived at the poor cottage, the man gazed with fresh admiration, three small rooms were all it contained, the furniture very plain and scanty, but clean and neat to excess; a few books were the only superfluous things in it. At the back was a little enclosed garden, with sallad, herbs, and a few chickens in a detached corner of it.

"Such is my rustic habitation," said Dupont, "and all the luxuries I possess."

"On what do you exist?" said the stranger.

"Oh," replied Adelaide, "we have eggs and sallad; sometimes a chicken, and very often fish; we have plenty of good things, tho' they are insufficient to make us happy, yet I should endeavour to be content, if I could see my father so."

The man looked alternately from the one to the other;—"I cannot express," said he, "how greatly I feel interested for you both; sure it must have been uncommon misfortunes, that have driven persons, so formed for society, to a seclusion from the world, in this solitary spot: my wonder increases every moment."

"And why should it," said Dupont, "your person, manners, and conversation are so unlike the circumstances of your situation."

The man fixed a reproaching eye at him, he blushed at the reproof, recovered, and went on.

"The choice you have made of living in the country, that I think our retirement is less to be wondered at than your's."

"I shall not dispute the point with you," replied the other, "no man has a right to judge on the actions of another, who is unacquainted with the cause from whence they originate. We have each motives that justify us to ourselves, doubtless; but I must now leave you; I am sorry for it; will you permit me to return here another day?"

Dupont hesitated, and threw down his eyes.

"You may depend upon my discretion," added he, "and perhaps will have no cause to repent of your complaisance: but I will not urge my request, if it gives you pain."

Dupont found it impossible to resist this politeness, "I do confide in you," said he, "I wish to live here alone and unmolested, but you have claims upon me; I trust to your honour, come when you please, but come alone."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EPIGRAM.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come,
Knock as you will there's nobody at home.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

Essays on Law, No. 1.

THEY who have read "Political Justice," by Godwin, must be convinced of the fallacy of his doctrine upon the subject of law. If the reader looks for a complete refutation of his theoretical arguments in this Essay, he will be disappointed; as the limited extent of the "Philadelphia Repository," will not admit of a lengthy examination, but at some future period, the writer intends again to resume the subject, and will then treat it in a more extensive manner, and occasionally notice such parts of "Godwin's principles" as appear most deserving of consideration.

The first thing, then, which naturally presents itself in this essay, is, to enquire what is *law?* Law is a word of great extent, it is defined by Montesquieu, to be "the necessary relations resulting from the nature of things;" he says, "In this sense all beings have their laws, the Deity has his laws, the material world its laws, the intelligences superior to man have their laws, the beasts their laws, man his laws."

He says in another place, "law in general is human reason, inasmuch as it governs all the inhabitants of the earth: the political and civil laws of each nation ought to be only the particular cases in which this human reason is applied."

Those who cannot find some encomium upon it, are either very ungrateful, or very stupid, to be insensible of the protection of their persons, estates, and liberties; for if there was no justice for the oppressed, no punishment for murder, violence, theft &c. no person could promise himself one day's freedom from such evils.

How can we be ignorant of the importance of the law, when we find the Almighty himself a legislator, the first institutor of laws?

If we should go to the original of laws, it is very probable that people were civilized and reduced from their barbarity by degrees, and made their laws according to their crimes: yet vice being prolific, and restrained in a few particulars, would still find out other ways of action, and exert itself in new mischiefs, 'till they were also provided against.

The following lines were written a few days ago, on the wall of the east wing of the State House, during one of the days of drawing of St. Augustine Lottery.

Fortune, that slippery jade, has play'd unfair,
Turn'd up a blank, and left me in despair;
Thanks, oh kind goddess, for thy warning, thanks—
I buy no tickets now, nor fear no blanks.

ADVENTURER.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO MISS .....

ON SEEING HER IN TEARS.

DEAREST virgin tell me why,
I see the dew-drop in thine eye.
And hear that tender bosom sigh:
The rose has flow'n from thy lov'd face,
And left the lilly in its place:
Yes! e'en thy smile is so express'd,
'Tis like a bride in mourning dress'd.

Then tell what theme awakes thy care,
O tell! and let this bosom bear
In every pang an equal share.
Delighted then I'll spend each hour,
To strew thy path with many a flow'r,
And if thy love I can obtain,
The blooming rose will come again.—

But ah! delusion! light as air!
I see thee fade! I feel despair!—
Edward alone is Laura's care.
Then come blest youth; Love lends his power:
No hand but thine can strew a flow'r:
Mine droops and fades! but thine shall rise,
For ever fair in Laura's eyes.

DE LA RUE.

ANN HATHAWAY.

BY DIBDIN.

WOULD ye be taught, ye feather'd throng,
In love's sweet notes to grace your song,
To charm the heart in thrilling lay,
Listen to Ann Hath a way:
She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phebus might wondering stop and hear.
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm—Ann Hath a way,
She Hath a way,
Ann Hath a way,
To breathe delight, Ann Hath a way.

When envy's breath and rancor's tooth,
Do foil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray:
To sooth the soul Ann Hath a way.
She hath a way to chace despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care—
Turn foulest night to fairest day,
Thou know'st, fond heart! Ann Hath a way,
She ha h, &c.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,
The diamond, topez, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay,
Talk of my gem, Ann Hath a way.
She hath a way with her bright eye,
Their various lustres to defy,
The jewel she, and the foil they,
So sweet to look Ann Hath a way.

But to my fancy were it given
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven;
For, tho' a mortal made of clay—
Angels might love Ann Hath a way;
She hath a way so to control,
To rapture the imprisen'd soul,
And love and truth so to display,
That to be heaven—Ann Hath a way.
She hath a way,
Ann Hath a way.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO MISS L..... S.....

ENTRANCED I saw the lovely ..... move,
And bow'd submissive at the shrine of love;
I gaz'd with speechless transport on the fair,
Her shape, her mein, her fascinating air,
And in the giddy rapture of my soul,
Felt the full tide of adoration roll!
Yet why indulge the too—too charming sight,
Why seek the transient, dangerous delight?
Why thus delude my fond susceptive heart?
And add an age of unremitted smart!——
Anticipation points the wretched state,
Of hopeless, unremitted, chilling hate!
Methinks I hear my guardian angel say,
"Intrusive youth, with rapid flight away."
Turn from those eyes whose lambent rays disclose,
In all their lustre, heart distracting woes;
Avoid the glance—the magic of her eye.
Or in the gaze, fond youth, "despairing die."

LYSANDER.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The Despondent, No. 3.

TUMULTUOUS sensations, new and indescribable, agitated my susceptive heart, on beholding a countenance which appeared to unite whatever has the power to charm and enslave a youthful mind. Dispassionate reason fled before a power so resistless. Reason! is reason ever united with a passion so closely allied to lunacy? Say ye sapient casuists in the human heart, can ye control the violence of an incipient attachment, by cool metaphysical deductions? Can arguments respecting the moral fitness of things, be brought to bear in that person who is assailed by the potency of love? If ye can by dint of logical subtleties, or even by the utmost captivation of enrapturing eloquence, force yourselves to realize an involuntary affection, then I will confess it possible, in the furor of love, to sit down and weigh the subject with mathematical precision! Fallacious and delusive idea! Imagination catches the reins, and with the rapidity of the bird of Jove, "cleaves the etherial plain." Can sober reason accompany her eccentric companion in this aerial flight. Let the cicatrized heart make response.

Rapt in the delightful vision which engrossed my soul, I gazed with inexpressible rapture. The sentimental benevolence, and transcendent lustre which seemed to beam from MILCENA's face, elevated my ideas far beyond mortal deserts. Then it was, in the ardor of youthful enthusiasm, I fancied that an alliance with her would remove me far beyond the possibility of sublunary misery. My unsophisticated heart, ratified the pleasing illusion. An introduction, for which I anxiously panted, soon gave me an opportunity of declaring the passion which glowed in my bosom with unabated violence. Heavens! with what dilation of soul did I pour forth the effusions of genuine affections. I was then eloquent, for love inspired my tongue. And when I perceived that my protestations of eternal constancy were received with a gracious smile of ineffable complacency, ah, "how can I speak the mingled passions that surprised my heart, and thro' my blood in shivering transports ran!" But why, O why do I dwell upon a theme, which forms a basis of my unalterable woe! Why review scenes, the retrospect of which "harrow up my soul."

An intercourse was soon established; it confirmed the sentiments which I at first conceived. A reciprocal affection appeared now to exist, pure, fervent, and immutable. Time, which seemed to me to travel with incredible speed, witnessed the extacy, as well as the triumphs of my heart. Milcena apparently returned my love with equal warmth. Her expressions, her actions, her countenance, all conspired to convince me, that dissimulation was a stranger to her breast, and in the transporting belief, I was the happiest of human beings. Fanatic madman that I was! Too late alas! awakened from the fascinating delirium, I found that the "legion fiend of ambition and avarice" predominated in her heart, to the total exclusion of every ennobling sentiment.

ALONZO.

A WAG IN LOVE

TO HIS SWEET-HEART.

MOST AMIABLE MISS,

After a long consideration, of the great representation, which you have in your nation, for my preservation, I feel an inclination, to become your relation, to give demonstration, of this my estimation, without equivocation, I am making preparation, to a speedy navigation, to remove my habitation, to a nearer situation, to pay you adoration, for the sake of conversation, if this my declaration, may but meet your approbation, it will confer an obligation, with your estimation, from generation to generation.

ANECDOTE.

A Student of the College, of a very indifferent genius, conceited he had a talent for poetry, tho' he could never couple above two lines at a time. Once he intended an heroic poem, and began as follows:

The sun's perpendicular height,
Illumes the depth of the sea.

Here his muse began to flag, and he walked out to study another couplet. In the mean time, his fellow Student came into the room, and wrote underneath,

And the fishes beginning to sweat,
Cried, alas! how hot we shall be.

ANSWER

To K.'s Question in the 6th No. of the Repository.

By the Question of K. it may plainly be seen,
That he's now *twenty eight*, and his wife just *eighteen*.